
Title: Elavain's Discovery Part II

Author: Sam

As they approached the temple, they realized that there were many creatures waiting today. Perhaps Elavain and Raven's invasion of the temple yesterday had caused for reinforcements to be called in. They looked at each other in determination. Neither had come this far to quit. However, Fossergrim realized that being on foot would not suffice to navigate the gauntlet of evil that lay before them. Usually he would fight in Lich form and had no use for a mount, but today he recalled and brought his steed Death from the stable. With a glint in his eyes, the pale horse stomped and whinnied, eager to slam his hooves into the dirt of the highway. Fossergrim mounted his steed and set off for the moongate.

While Fossergrim was retrieving his mount, Elavain engaged in skirmishes with the evil monsters around the temple. She slay many and worked to lure them away from the narrow entrances to the temple. She met with some success, but the forces of evil continued to roll in like the tide and she wondered if her and Fossergrim would be enough to combat these

fiends and gain access to the temple. She heard hooves and watched as Fossersgrim rode straight into the temple. As he passed through the narrow opening he shouted for her to recall to safety, that this part of the quest was his alone to complete. She opened her runebook and reluctantly whispered the words that would take her to safety and home...

Fossersgrim rode into the temple like a madman! Death trampled controllers and deamons alike in their mad dash towards the black portal. Once on the lower level, Fossersgrim rode to what was hopefully a safe corner and dismounted. Death snorted at his instructions to stay, but he obeyed his master. Fossersgrim then transformed himself into Lich form and summoned his vampire bat familiar... they soon encountered their first Exodus Minion.

As the machine whirred into life, Fossersgrim summoned a Revenant to assist with the battle. Even with such an adversary, the machine was difficult to kill and Fossersgrim was careful to stay out of the reach of it's sharp bladed arm. The fight was as a dance, careful moves in circles around his prey always mindful that other creatures would be nearby and if he moved too quickly he would be overwhelmed and killed. As the first machine fell to the ground in a heap of metal and gears, another floated around the corner

and began whirring angrily.
Fossergrim again attacked
with the practice and
precision honed in hours
spent in Deamon Alley,
and eventually this
machine also fell in
pieces.

He again felt the odd
sense of completion,
signaling that the
requirements for the
quest had been satisfied.
He strode over to Death
and jumped into the
saddle, not wasting a
second he recalled out to
safety as the groans and
shrieks of other hideous
monsters echoed loudly
through the halls of the
temple.

Once back in the
Heartland, Fossergrim
received his reward with
the humility of a man
who knows that one must
depend on others to
accomplish anything of
worth. He thought that
perhaps he was not as
alone as he had felt
earlier and that maybe
his life did have some
purpose. He decided to
forgive Lord Raven for
his resurrection and to
thank Elavain and
Avenhaar the Elf for
their steadfast help in
meeting the challenges of
the day.

Unsure that all of the
trials of the day would
actually help to reveal his
true purpose he thought
that if anything, he had
at least made some
progress towards changing
towards the better. He
placed his hands on both
sides of the helmet that
had covered his visage
for so long and lifted it
free of his head. The

Ornate Crown of the
Harrower rolled on the
ground at his feet.
Breathing fresh air for
the first time in ages...
he fed Death an apple
and road off to Rat
Alley to begin his training
in the Arcane arts of
Spellweaving.

The End... or The
Beginning